

MY SHIP FROM SPAIN.

O Captain, on whose wrinkled cheeks
Are thick the lines of storm and sea,
Have you not seen on distant seas,
Somewhere, a glimpse of stranger sail—

Perchance when evening shadows fell,
And misty clouds pressed the night,
Uplifted, on some crested wave,
Then slipping slowly from the sight?

My ship should have a sheen of gold,
And silken sails like bridal train,
And bear a perfume, faintly sweet,
Of roses on the hills of Spain.

Youth promised me long years ago
This ship would sometime come to me,
And bear its tale of wealth and fame,
From distant lands beyond the sea.

It has not come, I know not why,
It may have sought this port in vain,
And in some unknown harbor lie,
And idly fret its rusting chain.

Meanwhile, I've beat the anvil's face,
And felt the heated furnace blast,
And wealth of brawn and honest toil
Into life's circling currents cast.

I've climbed the headland morn'g
To catch a glimpse far, far at sea,
Of that belated ship of mine.

Full three score years have fled away,
And still I patient watch and wait;
My whitening hair and feeble steps
Suggest that it may come too late.

For what is wealth to him who dies,
Or honor in the hour of pain?
The Lethe for the ill of years
Was never borne by ships from Spain.

—H. G. Leslie, in Youth's Companion.

BILLY WATTS
OF THE FIGHTING FACE.

And Now He Became an Unconscious
Philanthropist for a Great Corporation
—The Romance of the Underbid—

HE Pullman car tool
along with an air of vast
concession. The passengers
lounged in their upholstered
revolving chairs.
Their legs were comfortably
outstretched. They appeared to
be eminently cultured. They also
seemed to be bored to death. Each
stoutly regarded all the others and
was in turn stoutly regarded. A prosperous
looking porter unobtrusively slipped
up and down the aisle keeping an industrious
eye on future tips.

In the little smoking compartment
Billy Watts looked moodily at the passing
scenery. He was one of those un-
fortunate characters who have what
is generally known as a fighting face.
He gave the unmistakable impression
of a man who did things in a tense and
strenuous manner. It was his misfor-
tune to attempt to live up to this im-
pression. In the grand harmony of life
he was always playing Wagnerian
chords with the loud pedal on. The
tremulous effects he disregarded entirely.
The twiddle bits had no charm for him.

Billy Watts was the sales manager
of the Western Tool Machine Company.
He was on his way to New York to bid
on a complete new tool equipment for
the Gotham Manufacturing Company.
As he sat in the imperturbable Pullman
his expression was that of a man who
is continually sounding the lead in a
troubled sea of thought. He desired
mightily to get that contract. He was
planning for an increase of salary and
he needed a few strong arguments to
make his presentation of the case im-
perative.

As Watts rode along, he thought. As
he thought, a plan struck him. The
more he considered the plan the more
difficult it appeared.

"I'll try it," said he at last; "it's new
and it's novel, but I'll just work it for
all there is in it."

In connection with this it may be set
forth that it has been aptly said that
conservatism is nothing more or less
than allowing some other chap priority
in monkeying with a fiercely rotating
buzz saw.

Henry Hardman, president of the
Gotham Manufacturing Company, was in
a thoughtful frame of mind. He sat
fast down in his chair with his hands
clasped over his chest. The smoke of
an old brier pipe curled lazily upwards.
His eyes gently opened and closed as
he gazed up at the ceiling with an un-
seeing look. Occasionally he glanced
on his desk at a pile of tenders for the
new machine tool equipment which his
company was about to purchase.

"One hundred thousand dollars is a
lot of money to pay for those tools," he
murmured at these times.

Billy Watts, of the Western Machine
Tool Company, ushered himself in.
His fighting face was very noticeable.

"I wish to put in a tender on your
equipment," he announced to Hard-
man. "Our tender will be unconven-
tional, but it will save you money.
My proposition is this: We know we
have better facilities than any of our
competitors, and we are willing to take
this business of yours for five per cent.
less than the lowest tender received."

He paused impressively. Hardman
lazily struck a match as though this
whole affair was immaterial to him.

"Just make that offer in writing," he
remarked, "and I will consider it.
Have you your credentials with you?
Thanks."

Billy Watts left the office with glow-
ing happiness depicted upon every feat
ure.

"I see that raise coming my way
with wide open arms," he assured him-
self as he reached Liberty street.

It might not be out of place to pause
here and reflect that when a man sees
anything coming his way with wide
open arms it is the course of wisdom
for him immediately to drop all detach-
able impedimenta and make a bee-line
for the green and verdant woods.

Now every man has his own particu-
lar destiny, but it is the common des-
tiny of all of us not to have too much
of pudding of anything. Otherwise our
appetites for progression would be
come cloyed and ambition would suf-
fer from dyspepsia. If Billy Watts had
been without competition, his little
scheme might have worked out to a
successful end. But Steve Dunham's
destined bid conflicted with that of
Billy Watts at this exact stage of their
respective careers, and Steve Dunham
was a hard man to do.

Dunham was the general manager of
the Dunham Tool Company of Chi-
cago. He had decided to get the same
order from Hardman for which Billy
Watts was so eagerly working. Dun-
ham called upon Hardman the day af-
ter Watts' visit.

"Good morning, Mr. Hardman," said
he. "My name is Dunham. Have a
card, I—"

A wise looking young clerk put his
head in the door. "A gentleman out
here wishes to see you urgently for a
minute," he said to Hardman, who ex-
cused himself and hastened out.

Dunham was alone in the office. He
threw one leg over the other and re-
flectively stroked his mustache. His
eyes roamed. He looked at the pic-
tures and the furniture. Then he
looked at Hardman's desk. He sudden-
ly left his mustache severely alone.

He leaned over with his eyes exceed-
ingly wide open. On the far corner of
the desk was Watts' letter agreeing to
underbid all competitors five per cent.
Dunham drank it in with a thirsty
look.

"Hm-hm!" was all he said. But how
he said it!

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he re-
marked to Hardman, as soon as the
latter returned. "I'll go back to the
hotel and make up a tender that will
capture this business sure." He picked
up his hat and left the office with a
menacing look.

"So that is Watts' game, is it?" he
inquired of himself, heatedly, as he
reached the street. "Five per cent.
lower than any one else and no limit
placed, eh? Well, now, I'll just put in
a tender so low, it will break his back
to get under it. I'll just give it to him
hot and heavy."

At this point it may be remarked that
when one man presents another with
something hot and heavy he should go
about it gingerly. If the thing is really
hot, the owner is apt to drop it on his
own toes, and if it is properly heavy
the situation is one that invariably
calls for considerable profanity of a
high class order.

The board of directors of the Gotham
Manufacturing Company sat in their
board room. At the head of the table
sat Hardman, the president, abstractly
playing with his watch chain. At
the foot was the secretary. Flanked
down the sides were the directors,
white whiskered and of immaculate
line. The secretary was reading the
tenders of the machine tool builders
for the new equipment of the Gotham
shops. He read a number of quota-
tions ranging about \$100,000. Then he
took up the tender of the Dunham
Tool Company.

"\$25,000," he read.

The board whistled. At the top of
the table Hardman smiled inscrutably.
He had the knowing appearance of a
man who has heard the Delphic oracle
practicing in rehearsal.

The secretary took up the tender of
Billy Watts, of the Western Machine
Tool Company.

"Five per cent. below the lowest fig-
ure," he read. He made a quick calcu-
lation. "That makes \$23,750," he an-
nounced.

"But isn't that bid irregular?" asked
the directors.

"This is a special case," murmured
Hardman.

"Then you think we should accept
it?" they asked.

Hardman smiled again. He looked
up at the ceiling with an unseeing gaze
as he took his old brier pipe from his
pocket.

"In my opinion," he said, gently, "we
should accept both of these low tend-
ers. It will double our capacity. We
shall save about \$150,000 on the trans-
action and shall therefore be able to
underbid all competition in our line."

The directors arose from their chairs
as one man. As one man they smote
the directorial table with their excited
fists.

"By George, we'll do it," they cried
in enthusiastic chorus.

When Dunham, of the Dunham Tool
Company, received notice that his bid
of \$25,000 had been accepted, his per-
spiration was remarkably free. At the
same time, in fairness to all concerned,
it must be confessed that Billy Watts
perspired quite as freely when he found
that he had formally bound his com-
pany to supply \$100,000 worth of
tools for \$23,750.

In conclusion it may be set forth
that when one man tries to take advan-
tage of another in an unconventional
way he should carefully study his man,
the conditions of the case and the pos-
sible results. Then, when he is sure of
success he should take a day off and
go fishing. What is to be will be, and
if the fates have a grudge against a
man it is better that he should fall in
the water and get wet all by himself
than to be held up as an easy mark to
the risibilities of an unsympathetic
world.—New York Evening Sun.

Influence of Advertising.
In a restaurant some men were dis-
cussing the great quantity of cereal ad-
vertisements that have appeared in the
newspapers during the past year. They
wondered if these advertisements had
had any great effect on the public.
One of them said: "Well, I confess,
they have started me to eating a cereal
for breakfast—a thing I never used to
do." Two others said the same thing.
They numbered five, and three of the
five had been converted to the break-
fast-food habit through newspaper ad-
vertising. The waiter was then called
over and he was asked if he had not-
iced any increase in the eating of cere-
als during the past year. "I have, in-
deed," the man replied. "I should say
that three breakfasters now begin with
a cereal where only one began a year
ago, and there is, furthermore, a grow-
ing army of men and women who eat
some sort of cereal for their lunch in-
stead of the pie or conchuts of the past."—Philadelphia Record.

The Barchanded Autolist.
The sight of numerous automobilists
careering comfortably about the city in
their vehicles, but minus their hats, re-
minds one of the fad of many towns
people who when in the country give
up the use of their headwear almost
entirely. It is mostly in the evening
when the automobilists enjoy the cool
breezes upon their bare heads as their
machines go spinning up and down
Fifth avenue, and it is really a deli-
cious way to spend the warm evenings
which have recently been so much in
evidence.—New York Mail and Ex-
press.

FOR WOMAN'S
BENEFIT

THE MODERN MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A Charming Creature That Any Son-in-
Law May Well Be Proud Of.

The early years of the twentieth
century with their ultra-civilization,
common sense and delight in novelty,
will be known to history as the period
of the annihilation of ancient tradi-
tions and superstitions. Through long
centuries the obnoxiousness of the
mother-in-law was a firmly cherished
article in the creed of every married
man. He held it as an utter impossi-
bility that his wife's mother could be
other than an aggressive, interfering,
ill-tempered creature who cumbered
the earth, and most particularly his
own threshold.

As late as twenty years ago the
average bridelord seemed under the im-
pression that the mother-in-law was
created solely to buffet and torment
the husband of her daughter, and to
afford a mirth-inspiring topic for the
comic papers. She was the luckless
exception in the ordinary run of mor-
tals who had neither merits, nor charm,
nor raison d'être.

But now man is inclined to regard
this type of mother-in-law as a myth
evolved from the imaginations of his
unappreciative predecessors. The mod-
ern mother-in-law is a youthful, jolly,
exquisitely dressed woman, rather
more juvenile in her taste and appear-
ance than her daughter. Domesticities
do not, apparently, interest her,
and instead of interfering with the
cook, she likes to spend the morning
with her son-in-law on the golf links.

Instead of scolding him and calling
him John, she generally alludes to the
master of the house as "dear old
Crumpets," or calls him by some equally
felicitous nickname, and flirts mild-
ly with him when he takes her to the
theatre. She restrains her daughter's
curtain lecture propensities and never
lectures herself to the house or stays a
day longer than she is expected to.

The mother-in-law of today is, in
fact, almost an incentive to matrimony.
To be on such confidential terms with
so charming and experienced a mem-
ber of her sex, as the relationship in-
sures, cannot fail to be a pleasant
condition of affairs for the harassed
and easily bored modern man.

The up-to-date mother-in-law is sym-
pathetic, amusing and the embodiment
of tact. She knows how to gloss over
her son-in-law's deficiencies, and to
convince him of her husband that he had
married the most charming member of
a fascinating family.

Instead of taking a painful delight
in dilating upon her son-in-law's faults
and shortcomings she secures popu-
larity by diplomatic allusions to Jack's
many and conspicuous virtues. Why
the chameleon should thus have
changed its spots and the role of the
mother-in-law so utterly have reversed
itself may be explained by a variety
of reasons. Woman is a wary crea-
ture nowadays, and the son-in-law a
proverbially difficult bird to capture.

The common sense, too, of the early
twentieth century woman has taught
her the ineffectiveness of ill-temper
and invective in arguments with the
"mere man." The modern mother-in-
law may not be less of a tyrant than her
predecessor, but she has at any rate
had the wit to change her weapons
and methods of attack for the art
and craft of feminine charm and per-
suasiveness.—New York Commercial
Advertiser.

Don'ts For Athletic Women.
Don't exercise one part of the body
too much and another part not at all.
Let the development be symmetrical.

Don't use too much force. If exer-
cise is too vigorous, you will be ex-
hausted before you can complete it.

Don't exercise beyond the ability
of the heart to keep pace with you.
Palpitation is a certain indication of
excess.

Don't exercise for at least an hour
after meals.

Don't forget that a bath should fol-
low exercise.

Don't use iron dumbbells, but wood-
en ones. The former chill the blood.

Don't have intermittent attacks of
exercising your muscles. In order to
receive any benefit you should devote
some time daily to athletics.

Don't forget that where there's a
will there's a way. If you really mean
to become strong and shapely, the way
is easy and simple.

Don't forget to inhale slowly and
deeply when performing any exercise.
This will make the chest deep and full.

Don't think that athletics should be
matter of inches and pounds only.
Their increase is certain to tell most
beneficially on the health and spirits
as well.

Don't exercise a moment after you
feel exhausted.

Don't stand with the back bent over,
the shoulders thrown forward, the
head dropped and the chest sunk in.

Don't protrude the hip and abdomen,
or rest the weight unevenly upon the
feet. No exercise is of any benefit what-
ever unless the correct standing posi-
tion is taken every time.

Don't forget that every woman is as
young as she looks, but that she can-
not look young with a broken figure.—
Washington Star.

Dainty Comforters For Summer.
In every home where one or more
girls abide, the pretty summer dresses
made from lawns, dimities and challies
will accumulate, says an exchange.

One season's wear leaves them bright
and pretty, just enough out of date to
make them undesirable for another
season, yet the material is almost as
good as new. The most convenient
way of utilizing them is in making
comforters for the beds in summer. Cut
them in strips or as large squares as
possible, sew the parts together on the
machine, use bleached floor sacks for
the lining. One pound of cotton
batting is sufficient for the filling. Do
not spend your time in quilting them,
but knot with a pretty contrast of
zephyr yarn. They require so much
less time and material than the making
of summer quilts. They are easily
washed and their light weight makes
them comfortable indeed.

The process of making may be very
simple, too. One need not bother with
quilting frames, but pin the four cor-

ners of the lining to the carpet, spread
the batting evenly, lay out the piece
top and carefully pin or baste the parts
together, then remove to a table and in
a couple of hours the knotting may be
finished. Bind with the machine and you
are done. I have used comforters
made from such material, and in this
manner continuously for four years
and they are good yet.—New Orleans
Picayune.

Dainty Perfuming.
A thumb nail size bag of one's favorite
perfume powder is put by many
dressmakers in the sleeves of all their
boilees under the shields. This is a
dainty way of using perfume. Wotting
the finger in cologne and drawing it
over the eyebrows is harmless and
agreeable besides having a most sooth-
ing effect.

Sewing and the Nerves.
Princess Christian, writes Lady Vi-
ollet Greville in the London Graphic,
has done a notably good thing in re-
viving the taste and interest in needle-
work, and every one must rejoice at
the successful opening of her new
School of Art Needlework, which may
realize the Prince of Wales' hope that
our home manufacturers will no longer
go abroad for designs and workman-
ship. The Princess' tenacity and en-
ergy deserve their reward. Beautiful
needlework is essentially a feminine
accomplishment, but the art was in
danger of dying out when the Princess
threw herself into the breach with un-
equipped ardor. Now seventy-eight dis-
signers, twenty-four assistants, and
twenty-two pupils are enrolled in the
hand of workers, and there is no reason
why their ranks should not be ex-
tended. It is a pleasant and profitable
employment, and requires the taste
and skill of educated women. One
fact may be noted, that, in the unrest
of the present day, needlework is ut-
terly neglected by girls. There is noth-
ing so good for the nerves as sewing,
and in fine embroidery the mind is
employed as well as the fingers.

Some fantastic ideas are being ex-
ploited in connection with English
weddings just now, and one of these
is a large basket, behind which the
bride and bridegroom stand to receive
their friends. The basket stands up
over their heads, and the basket is
filled with tiny bouquets, which are
scattered among the guests when the
bride and bridegroom have left and
confetti or silver horseshoes have been
sufficiently well circulated by their
friends as they wish them God speed.

Muffs made to match the parasols
and fashioned of chiffon and roses, or
trimmed with fruit and grass, are
designed to be carried by bridesmaids
at some coming English brides.

At a recent wedding the bride made a
departure from the ordinary practice
by having little boys to precede her
dressed in the costume of heralds,
carried out in pale blue satin embro-
idered with gold; she had four brides-
maids, who were in Empire dresses of
blue soft silk. This pretty bride's own
dress was of ivory satin embrodered
with silver, and having sleeves and
yoke of tuckered chiffon.—Brooklyn
Eagle.

A Novelty in Summer Muffs.
A few muffs have been made for
weddings to match the parasols
trimmed with fruit and grass, or made
in pink chiffon with roses. They do
very well for bridesmaids. There are
a good many fantastic ideas for wed-
dings just now, and one of these is a
large basket, behind which the bride
and bridegroom stand to receive their
friends. The basket stands up over
their heads, and the basket is filled
with tiny bouquets, which are scat-
tered among the guests when the bride
and bridegroom have left and confetti
or silver horseshoes have been suffi-
ciently well circulated by their friends
as they wish them Godspeed.

The Sleeve Scheme.
In making a new sleeve or in bring-
ing an old one down to date there is
one general scheme. The fulness which
appears at the elbow and below is
either pleated in or shirred from the
shoulder nearly to the elbow. As to the
cuffs into which this fulness is caught,
there are two styles; either a broad,
narrow cuff, or a deep and tremendous
flaring one, reaching almost to the el-
bow. This holds good for coats and
coat suits especially. For shirt waist
suits the narrow cuff is nothing like so
broad.

The Blouse Effect in the front of all
jackets is just a trifle exaggerated.
The most stylish buttons used for the
fronts of shirt waists this season are
very large.

So many colors are fashionable this
year that one might almost say every
color is in vogue.

The knee-length coat is the smartest
for all coat and skirt suits, whether of
linen, silk or wool.

Cross-stitch bands of many colored
silk give style to many swagger sum-
mer gowns and shirt-waists.

Lace wraps of all kinds are consid-
ered smart and even old lace shawls
are being brought out again to be
worn.

One of the newest models for foulard
shirt waist suits has a shirred yoke
for the upper part of the waist, as well
as for the skirt.

A collarless jacket is not only much
cooler for summer, but displays to ad-
vantage the very smart collars and
ties worn this season.

A touch of white is noticed in all
trimmings, put on in pinnings or bias
folds, not often straight, but in curved
effect, or with scalloped edges.

Tulle hats are much smarter than
chiffon ones at present. Those of
black, of row after row of the finest
pleatings of tulle, are very swagger.

A favorite sleeve for gowns of thin
material lies close, almost to the wrist,
and then has two wide ruffles of the
same material faced with ribbon in
silk.

While short skirts are the rule for
the plain tailor gown they are not
considered correct for the more elabo-
rate costumes of cloth or fancy ma-
terial, such as veiling or tulle, etc.

IDIOSYNCRASIES
OF THE TIGER.Most Difficult of All Ani-
mals to Conquer—No Such
Thing as a "Tamed Tiger."
—How He is Trained.

Of all wild animals trained for
menagerie and show
purposes not one is as
hard to conquer as the
tiger. Compared to the
training of lions and ele-
phants the training of a tiger is as
the breaking in of a vicious boarhound
to the first lessons in etiquette of a
chubby Newfoundland puppy. Even
the most expert wild animal trainers
balk at an assignment to "break" a
tiger. Not more than one in ten pro-
fessional lion trainers has the nerve to
try his hand at the great, ferocious,
striped cat.

As a matter of fact, there is no such
thing as a "tamed tiger." Few and
far between there are instances where
the animals are shown as trained and
broken in, but the friendship of the
animal for the trainer who may have
befriended it for years hangs at the
end of the man's blacksnake whip.
From the day the acquaintance is made
to the day man and beast are separated
there is a stealthy warfare between
them; the catlike slyness of the pan-
derous brute directed toward the one aim
of killing the man and the vigilance of
the master ever alert to frustrate that
plan.

One of the peculiarities of taming a
tiger is that the feat may be performed
much better by a man totally strange
to the animal than by the one who has
helped rear it by the side of its mother.
What the reason for this is few animal
men can explain, unless it is that the
subject is more apt to be inspired by a
wholesome fear when it encounters a
man totally stranger.

The first step taken in training any
wild cat animal is to familiarize it as
much as possible with the fact that the
newcomer into its life means no
harm. Much depends upon the indi-
vidual nature of the animal to be
trained in deciding upon a proper
course for the primary lesson. If the
brute is unusually treacherous he is
given ample chance to work out his
plans against the trainer, who is con-
tinually on guard and sees to it that
each attack results in failure.

The early lessons administered to a
tiger are ridiculously on the hide-and-
seek plan. The trainer stands in front
of the cage, inviting the inmate to a
stealthy attack. Unless the tiger be
an exceptionally quiet subject there is
not long to wait. Cunningly covering
in a corner, the tiger makes ready for
the attack. Nearer and nearer he
itches and inches toward the stranger,
standing seemingly unawares near the
bars of the cage. Other men may have
fed the big fellow for years. His old
trainer the brute would not think of
attacking in this way. But the stranger
is an intruder, to be struck from
behind, from where most tigers' at-
tacks come, and there lies the first
lesson.

As the great paw with the cruel
claws shoots out between the bars the
stranger steps to one side. Nothing
happens. Not even a switch is brought
down on the dreadful paw. The stran-
ger merely stands and looks. So does
the tiger. The next move depends up-
on the desire of the brute to work
harm. If the claws are withdrawn the
stranger is simply prepared to under-
go a second similar attack. If the
paw remains defiantly thrust through
the bars, up rises a slim, yellow wand
in the hand of the man. Slowly and
with full intent to show the brute what
is happening the wand is raised higher
and higher. Then a swish, and with all
the strength of a powerful man's right
arm, down comes a rawhide across
the threatening paw.

If the animal shows fight there is an
unfair duel between the paw and the
rawhide, which can end but one way.
Then the tiger is left alone to cool off
and to ponder over what happened.
Under no consideration is the animal
further treated while it is angry. In
time, even in the most stubborn cases,
the tiger learns that if he leaves the
man in peace nothing will happen.

Also, that if he tries to attack the re-
sult is pain and defeat. Also, that the
man will feed the tiger daily, not alone
with meat and eatables, but with lux-
uries of the cat world—catnip, for ex-
ample.

Once this reaction has been estab-
lished between man and beast the sec-
ond stage of the training is under-
taken. It becomes necessary to pre-
pare the brute for a closer interview
with the stranger, who now prepares to
enter the cage. Exactly as in the
case of lion taming, a chair is the first
thing introduced into the den. He of
the catnip and the wand opens the
cage, regards the surprised tiger, who
wonders what is going to happen. He
places a wooden chair in the cage of
the brute and, leaving the cage as
quickly as he had entered it, watches
developments.

Unused to the strange intrusion, the
tiger lies scowling in a corner and re-
gards the chair. That the chair must
die is settled. Never before has he
seen such a quadruped. He does not
even know in which direction it moves.
He begins to reconnoitre by circling
around and around the thing. The
chair stands motionless—another fea-
ture which the animal regards with
distrust and disgust. Never before has
he encountered an enemy, except the
man with the catnip and the eyes in
the back of his head, that does not
present a front ready for defense.

Finally comes the attack. With a
violent spring the tiger lands on the
chair, hurls it over and crunches the
wood in his mighty teeth. There is
no resistance. Only here and there
drops of blood from the mouth of the
beast show traces of the encounter.
The battered chair remains as before,
turned over and scarred, but calmly
awaiting another attack.

That is the lesson for one day, pre-
ceding catnip and a raw bunk of
meat, and while digesting splinters
and the meat the animal ponders over
the queer experiences he has had with
the friend of the queer man. That he
does ponder over the situation is shown
by the fact that the next day when
another chair is placed inside the cage
no attack is made on it. Instead, the
puzzled tiger walks around and around
it, sniffing at it finally, and then lies
down in a corner, content if not happy

at any old intrusion the queer man may
wish to inflict.

It is only then that the trainer ven-
tures inside the cage armed with the
yellow wand and a blacksnake whip.
In these latter days of progress an in-
genious woman tiger trainer, with
more regard for twentieth century lux-
ury than the history of her profession,
used what is known as an ammonia
gun in teaching the tiger a lesson.

The "gun" was simply a rubber ball
supplied with a nozzle out of which a
solution of diluted ammonia could be
squirited by pressing the ball.